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BY

N.D.POWER

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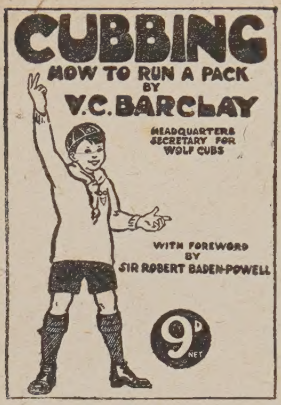

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POW-WOWS FOR WOLF CUBS

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By

N. D. POWER

Chief Wolf Cub Commissioner Boy Scouts Imperial Headquarters

C. Arthur Pearson Ltd.
Henrietta Street, W.C. 2
1922

TO PETER

My dear Peter,

I am really rather sorry for you, because when you grow up everybody will expect so much from you, being the son of such a father. However, you need not worry if you D Y B, and, of course, you have the great advantage other boys have not got, of having the " Chief Scout of all the World " himself to lead you.

I hope these little Pow-wows of mine will amuse you.

Yours cubbily,

N. D. POWER.

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AUTHOR'S NOTE

Most of these Pow-wows, or little talks, have appeared from time to time in the *Wolf Cub* or *Scout* magazines, and are intended for boys of from eight to twelve.

It is thought they may be of use in book form.

If these talks are read aloud to small boys, they should be given in very small doses, so that they carry away one point at a time.

N. D. POWER.

25 Buckingham Palace Road, S.W.1.
January 1922.

POW-WOWS FOR WOLF CUBS

YOUR WONDERFUL BODY

SUPPOSE somebody gave you the necessary stuff and told you to get busy and make a human body! I wonder what sort of a mess you'd make of it? Have you ever thought what a wonderful thing the body is? Would you have thought out all the little things which are so important for comfort and health?

Let's begin at the top. What about the roof? Would you have thatched the head with hair to keep it cool in summer and warm in the winter? Then there are the eyelids. Would *you* have made something to keep dirt out of the eyes, and have thought of making tears to keep the eyelids clean and to wash away dirt which got blown in?

Then there is the nose and the nerves connected with it. Would you have made some arrangement for smelling and tasting, so that you could tell if you were being poisoned? I will not say much about the brain, because it is so difficult, but the Architect of your body made a wonderful machine in your head which enables you to think, and yet I doubt if you'd have thought of making it.

Then there are the blood and the lungs. The wonderful fluid runs round and round your body

in tubes called veins and arteries, and your lungs supply it with air which you breathe naturally and without thinking about it, and so your body is kept alive and healthy. Would you have thought of that? Would you have remembered to supply a pump (your heart) to pump the blood?

Your muscles, which are like elastic and enable your limbs to move easily, which can grow large and strong if you exercise them properly—aren't they almost too good to be true?

Who would have thought of a delicate instrument for hearing sounds? Yet you would feel very queer without ears, wouldn't you? And your legs and feet, your arms and hands. Suppose they stopped at legs and arms, and you had no feet nor hands! And you have all sorts of other things, like the stomach, liver, and kidneys, for the want of which you would die.

So there you are, a living boy, made up of the most wonderful machinery, far more wonderful than any engine, and yet some boys play the fool with it and then expect it to go merrily on, as if the greatest care were taken of it.

Suppose you were given a jolly good bike or engine; wouldn't you treasure it and be careful nobody fooled with it? Of course you would. Well, here you are. God has given you for yourself alone a most extraordinary machine and into this machine he has put YOU. *You* are the owner, and *you* have to look after it. When you are very young, older people, who know, tell you what to do, and what not to do; but God Himself also tells you quietly what to do, and what not to do, so that the machine He has given you may become even more wonderful.

What sort of an engineer are you going to be? Are you going to show God that you are grateful for His tremendous gift, or are you going to play the giddy goat with it?

Now, I want to tell you Cubs straight away that you can't play the fool with God. He made you. He is the great Engineer of your body. The more you know about your body, the more you will wonder how on earth such a splendid thing could have been made.

But God did even more for you. He gave you a Soul. That is, He let you decide what sort of a fellow you would like to be. If you only want to "worry on" and be nothing in particular, well, that is your funeral; but God will be awfully sorry you made a mess of it. He wants you to become like Himself, and has given you everything necessary to win.

Now, Cubs, I'm not a preacher, but why shouldn't you make the best of your body? All these things God has given you must be used for the best, so that He will be glad He gave them to you.

You must remember that you ought to try to be as strong as possible, and as healthy as possible, so as to help others and enable you to do your good turns. It is one way of showing your loyalty to God. God is your very best Friend. You really mustn't let Him down—and I know you won't—just because you're a Cub.

TEMPER

NEVER lose your temper. I have heard some men say rather proudly that they lost their tempers, and "let out." Well, that is about as silly as it can be, because the other fellow always has the best of it if he keeps cool when the other has lost his old temper and can't find it.

Anyhow, it is careless to lose a thing, and one's temper is a valuable thing. I know in boxing one always scores if the other fellow gets angry; he hits wildly and loses every time. You've heard of people being "blind with rage"; they don't know what they are doing, or they would not make such fools of themselves.

Have a temper, but don't lose it. Always keep it under control as your servant; it is a rotten master, and lands you into all sorts of trouble. It takes a lot of training to do this, especially if you are inclined to be hot-headed; but if you cannot master yourself you will never master others. Cubs ought to train themselves to control their tempers easily, and there is nothing like boxing to teach them.

There are different kinds of temper. A fellow does not always chuck things about; sometimes he just sulks and won't play or speak. I think this is almost worse than the fiery one, because, as a rule, when the violent boy has let off steam and finished making an ass of himself, he is ready to make it up and smile; with a sulker you never quite know where you are. The best way is to leave him alone till he gets over it.

FAILURE?

I SUPPOSE there are many Cubs who fail in something or other they have been trying in their Cub work, and perhaps fail and fail again. But that is not real failure. Real failure is failing to go on trying, or what we Cubs call "giving in."

And, anyhow, don't be too sure you have failed. It may be difficult for a Cub to understand quite easily, but you are building up your character, and gradually turning yourself into a real man by struggling to improve yourself, or by trying to make yourself into somebody who will count in the world.

And if you feel you are succeeding, whatever you do, don't stop and think you've done enough. It is much easier to keep going when once you've got a move on, and you'll be surprised at the headway you will make.

When you have done all you want for yourself, there is always plenty to be done for others who aren't quite so clever or able.

The happiest person is the busiest, and the happiest work is helping others.

Sometimes, when I am in a train and have nothing to read, I look at some boy opposite and wonder what sort of man he will turn out. Some look as if they take a pride in themselves; they are neat and clean, and have frank, open faces; others are dirty, sullen, and have not at all nice faces. Faces *do* tell such tales!

Then I start to think of famous men who started life as newsboys, such as Edison; or as office boys, such as Carnegie; or as a shop boy, such as Lord Leverhulme; and then I wonder if

the boy in front of me will be a great man some day.

At all events, it is certain, if they grow up, they will be men of some sort, and will help to make or spoil their country. Sometimes I see boys wearing the Scout badge, and, of course, I am more interested than ever.

Once I saw two Scouts give up their seats to ladies ; they did it so nicely that the knights of old couldn't have done it better. They wore the uniform of a City of London troop, and had no reason to know anyone was watching them. Perhaps these Scouts began as Cubs !

There is nothing to stop a Cub from being a great man ; not necessarily wealthy, but *really* great. Some great men die quite poor. Wealth is nothing compared with greatness of character.

Then I think to myself how I wish every Cub would say quietly to himself, " I am going to try to be a great man, and do something for my fellow-men " ; it is so much easier to do so if one begins early.

And then the train stops with a jerk as I get up to go out, and nearly sit on an old gentleman's lap. The porter screams out, " Hurry off, please ! " and I expect the old gentleman on whose lap I am hovering thinks the same. Out I get, and the train goes on with the boy ! Yes ! I wonder if he is travelling to success or failure ?

GRATITUDE

So much is taken for granted nowadays that boys and others quite forget to thank those who have done something for them.

I was surprised a little time ago to find how few of a party of twenty thanked me for an entertainment to which I had treated them. It didn't matter, in a way, but when one or two did come up to say how they had enjoyed themselves I felt that either the others had not or I had not the pleasure of knowing they did.

I couldn't help thinking that the boy who especially called on me, and told me what a good time he had had, was more likely to be entertained in the future than those who didn't bother.

I have noticed the same thing when giving little presents ; some are so nice in the way they thank you, and others—well, I've known cases where they say nothing at all. Of course, such boys suffer in the long run, because most people are not likely to go on giving pleasures which are not thought good enough to be acknowledged.

I hope Cubs will be careful to thank people nicely for any little act of kindness they receive.

I wonder if Cubs ever realise what their Cubmasters are doing for them, for instance, and try to show they appreciate it by doing something in return ? I know *some* do. Do you ?

WASTE

THEY say, " Waste not, want not " ; that means, if you do not want to want, you mustn't waste when you have what you want. But there are so many things we waste without thinking. We waste our thoughts, and for want of thought we often do many unkind things of which we would be awfully ashamed if we only thought it out. This sounds difficult, but here is an example. A

boy (not a Cub) saw a poor cripple hobbling along as best he could ; the poor fellow made rather funny movements, but for all that he was very sad and uncomfortable. The boy *didn't think ;* he wasted his thoughts, and only saw what appeared funny. So he laughed ; and the cripple felt even more sad and uncomfortable. The boy didn't mean to be unkind, he was just silly ; he wasted his thoughts.

Then you can waste your strength, and your affections. If you waste your chances of getting strong, of learning to swim, of playing manly games, of going in for exercise which will make a man of you, well, you'll want all these things some day. You will some day find yourself standing at the edge, unable to help a drowning friend ; you will only be a looker-on, instead of a player, at cricket or football ; and some day, if you have to show your strength to defend a weak friend, you may be dreadfully sorry to find you cannot, because you wasted your strength, or don't know how.

But how on earth can a fellow waste his affections ? Well, he can be so jolly fond of his pals, his toys, or himself, that he forgets his very own mother. And, you know, that is a rather awful thing to do. There is a very old song, so old that nowadays it is forgotten, but still a good song for all that, and it is called " A Boy's Best Friend is his Mother." Whatever you do, Cubs, don't forget your mothers. You can't tell how much they've done for you, so if you have any affection to spare, you may know where to send it !

I mustn't finish without referring to common waste. I mean waste of food, paper, string, pins or any of the common things of daily life. It is

not a matter of being able to afford it. If you really waste something, you are making somebody work for you and then throwing away that work. For instance, somebody grows wheat, somebody else grinds it to flour, another person bakes it into bread, and some horrible little rotter throws away half his lunch because he isn't hungry! Even during the late Great War, when we were almost starved out, I saw great chunks of bread thrown away by boys of a county school; and, remember, it was bread purchased at the risk of the lives of soldiers and sailors, who might very well have been your own brothers. That was indeed waste in its worst form—waste of material, waste of thought, and waste of affection. They say that a big firm of mustard makers have made their fortune by the mustard left on plates. That means, their fortune is made up by other people's waste. You don't want to be mean, but it is silly to let anyone make a fortune out of you just because you are wasteful.

It really is a jolly good motto, "Waste not, want not."

HONOUR

EVERY Cub knows perfectly well when he's acting dishonourably, and if he sees another boy doing so he promptly calls him a "cad," and so he is.

But if it comes to saying exactly what is and what is not honourable—well, one has to put on one's "thinking cap."

There is a little voice inside you which generally gives you a jolly good hint, but it isn't always convenient to take the hint, and so we start on a wrong track if we want to be men of honour.

I am glad to say that the honour of an Englishman is trusted, at all events, in the East. I remember, for instance, that if I wanted to buy something all I had to do was to sign a " chit " saying I would pay. Then I took away my parcel, and at the end of the month received a bill, which, of course, I paid. But the shopkeepers would not do this for anybody. If they knew you were an Englishman, that was good enough for them.

And why was this ? Simply because experience had shown the shopkeepers that we were honourable and could be trusted. Once where I was, there was an Englishman who signed " chits " and then couldn't pay, so we other Englishmen (about two hundred of us) clubbed together and paid his debts for the sake of *our* honour. But we jolly well kicked the man out who let us down.

You see, if you have made a good name for yourself it is valuable and worth keeping. If you've got a bad name, it is awfully hard to get rid of it. " Give a dog a bad name," they say, " and you may as well hang him."

So it seems we can't be too careful to keep our honour bright like the knights of old, who kept their armour and swords bright.

This is all very fine, you say to yourself, but what is this " honour " he is gassing about ? Well, you mustn't deceive anybody by word or deed ; you must stick up for the right, both for yourself and those who are weaker.

Those are two very good things to go on with. Have a shot at them.

KEEP SMILING

You Cubs don't have to look very much in the looking-glass ; but when you get older you will probably shave, and that means peering at yourself for quite a long time every day. Now, when you get up in the morning, feeling rather cross, and see your own cross old face scowling at yourself, it makes you feel worse, if that is possible. It has just the same effect on people you meet in the street. I have often noticed that when I feel cross everybody else is inclined to be cross also. I suppose it is catching—something like measles. But so is a jolly face. Don't you know how you feel better directly you see someone with a jolly face ? Why shouldn't that jolly face be yours, and why shouldn't you make people feel better by seeing it ? Well, Cubs as a rule *have* jolly faces ; I enjoyed seeing them so much at the Great Jamboree. All I can say is " Keep smiling," and you will not only be happy yourself, but will make others want to smile with you. Somebody said, " Smile, and the world smiles with you. Weep, and you weep alone." You see, people don't like to look at glum, unhappy, and cross faces. Cubs have the name for being cheerful and pleasant, so keep it up, and help to make everybody happy.

IMPATIENCE

It is most awfully hard not to be in a hurry sometimes, especially if you are a small boy. You have decided you are going to be a sweep, or an arch-

bishop, or something, and you jolly well want to be one right away.

Perhaps you are in a hurry to become very strong. Well, you are much more likely to remain strong if you go slowly. If you are in too great a hurry you may strain yourself.

Some chaps can't wait to eat their meals properly and gobble them up, and then wonder why they get colley-wobbles! Some fellows are impatient if corrected; but how on earth can you learn if some grown-up doesn't show you how? Most fellows can tell naturally if the grown-up means to be decent about it, and if you know he does, you should take it the right way.

I think it is right to be impatient sometimes. If a fellow is low, or uses beastly language, or lies, or thieves, one gets rather fed up about it; but even then you should try to remember what sort of a chance he has had. Perhaps a kind word from you would be much better than "going for" him. Tell him that decent people don't do that sort of thing, and you'd like him to be a decent fellow; that you aren't a bit "soppy," but at the same time there's a limit, and he's getting rather near to it. Then change the subject so as to let it soak in, and ask him to a game of something. That would be much better than being impatient, which is only necessary if he is an out-and-out rotter.

I was on my way once to a garrison town and there was a military prisoner in the crowded train. He and his escort were in the corridor, and the prisoner was very excitable and talkative, and he swore a good deal.

I didn't like it, but as he went on he became

dirty and blasphemous, and I got more and more angry. He then started abusing our King, so I couldn't help it, and got up and said, " Will you stop it or not ? " He said I needn't " get the wind up," but he stopped, and everybody in the carriage was on my side.

His colonel happened to have tea with me a few days afterwards. I knew who his colonel was, because he cursed him by name quite frankly among the people. I smiled when I thought of all the man said of him, and the colonel wanted to know what the joke was ; but I said it was something I was thinking about which happened some time ago, and left it at that.

Still, I think I was right to be impatient with the soldier. I had promised as a Scout to be loyal to the King, and couldn't very well listen to him being abused so unfairly, could I ?

LUCK

WHAT is Luck ? I think it rather depends how you look at it. You would reckon yourself lucky if an uncle suddenly turned up and gave you a pound of the best chocolates. You would consider yourself unlucky when you got sick after eating them all off at once ! If you asked me, *I* would call you a little pig ! However, that sort of luck is only an expression. If I called you a lucky young dog, I shouldn't really mean you had four legs and wagged a tail ; that would be silly ; I should just mean you were fortunate.

I suppose if your great-aunt on your mother's side died and left you a pile of money you would

be lucky in a way ; but you might quite easily be jolly unlucky, because when you grew up you might turn out a young ass, and spend that money badly and go to the bow-wows.

Luck isn't so lucky as it seems. You can *make* your good luck. That sounds funny, doesn't it ? But you can, you know. You can make yourself keen, clean in mind, kind, cheerful, helpful, industrious, and generally sensible. You will then be different from boys who are careless, silly, and cruel. You needn't be a prig. I hate prigs. You can enjoy yourself and be a decent, manly, British boy, and still be keen and help others. I once knew two boys. I liked them very much, but one was a real stupid ; he just loafed about when he was off work, didn't bother about himself, didn't try to get on, hung about smoking, and simply played the fool. The other chap wanted to be somebody who would count for something later on ; he was ambitious and determined to make a name for himself, but he wasn't a bit " soppy." I told the lazy boy that some day he would be jealous of the other, and would say, " Why should not I be well off and prosperous also ? " But I added that if he wanted to get on he would have to try not to give in to himself. He is still a labourer ; the other fellow is a " boss." It wasn't " luck " ; it was " grit." Not giving in to yourself gives you grit and success. " You can't have your cake and eat it too," they say ; that means, you can't play the giddy goat, and then expect to get on like one who tries hard to do something. You Cubs ought to begin at once. It is much easier to learn sensible habits when you are young ; you hardly know you are doing it, but

you will really be much happier because silly ways soon end in trouble; besides which you will be awfully sick to think you didn't do your best, but broke your Cub promise.

After all the trouble your C.M. has taken with you, it would be rather rotten to let him down, wouldn't it?

OBSERVATION

I WILL try to take one of the Cub badges and have a little talk about it.

I shall tackle the "Observer," and if you "observe," or, to put it more simply, "notice," what I say, you will see that I am not going to talk so much about the badge as about noticing things generally.

Americans call it "keeping your eyes skinned," or, as we should say, "keeping your eyes open."

You know, it is quite funny how most people don't see what is going on around them. I know a man who can go into a strange room, look quickly round, and then tell you everything worth telling in that room. Could you? But why shouldn't you? It only wants practice.

I play a little game with myself on the Underground railways of London. I take a good look at the advertisements on the walls and then shut my eyes. (People think I've gone to sleep, but what does that matter so long as I know I haven't?) Then I try to remember those advertisements. If I get twelve out of fifteen I am quite bucked up; but a Cub ought to get all of them.

A game like this is even more fun if you go for

a walk, and, if in town, you notice the shops and houses and people you pass ; or, if in the country, you follow tracks and find out if a horse is walking, trotting, or is lame.

Mushrooms are nice, but those not good for eating are horrible and often deadly poison. In the Philippine Islands there is a kind of mushroom so like the eatable one that careless people often make a mistake. I well remember once a lot of natives got awfully ill and most of them died, just because they made the mistake. When you've eaten the wrong sort, you jolly soon know it. These men wriggled about like lively caterpillars. It was a pity they didn't know the proper sort to eat until it was too late.

I should be awfully sorry to see a tombstone over a Cub's grave labelled : "*Too late. He ate a toadstool.*"

THE AMBULANCE BADGE

The very first thing to remember when you get your badge is this : You must not think you are a doctor. You cannot at your age possibly know very much—even how to do up a cut finger really properly. But there is one thing you can always learn, and that is to be very, very *clean*.

I have seen Cubs and Scouts do up cuts with handkerchiefs almost as black as ink, which must have had millions of germs anxiously waiting to get into the cut and make it worse.

I advise all Cubs to try to get help when an accident occurs. I know it is hard on a chap when he wants to do something kind, and sees a chance

of doing so, and at the same time of showing he is a bit of a doctor. It is hard on him to have to stand by and watch somebody else do it, but the human body is far too important to play the fool with.

Suppose an old gentleman stumbled and fell, and in doing so cut his hand, grazed his beautiful nose, which started to bleed, sprained his ankle, and got grit in his poor old blue eye. Up come some Cubs. Here's a chance ! Out come grubby handkerchiefs, off come scarves, and the poor old fellow is seized and his bleeding hand is covered with a dirty handkerchief (the hand afterwards getting so bad it has to be cut off). A piece of dirty ice from a fishmonger's is put in his mouth to stop his nose bleeding, while you attend to the graze by washing it with water and swabbing it with more dirty handkerchiefs, and cover it later on with another handkerchief. It is now time to tackle the grit in his eye, so a Cub gets his fist ready to rub the ungritty eye to make the gritty one weep.

Since the old gentleman has so many injuries, it would be almost necessary for somebody to be attending to his sprained ankle at the same time as someone else is getting out the grit. Besides, it may help him to weep. Well, if it is a bad sprain, how are you going to get the boot off, to begin with ? All this treatment, quite kindly given, might mean that the dear old gentleman, months later, would go about with a glass eye, false hand, a sort of Ally Sloper nose, and always limp !

Now, don't be angry with me. I am not making fun of Cubs. What I want you to see is this :

You can learn to be very clean, and, in fact, you can learn all the things taught in the *Wolf Cub's Handbook ;* but a cut bound up dirtily, a sprain roughly handled, or a break mistaken for a sprain, a burn clumsily tackled, an eye roughly treated, may all very easily end worse than if not attended to at all.

So I want you to be awfully careful how you apply what you learn if you really want to help. It is a good badge. All the badges of this group are good because they are for helping others. It is bound to come in useful some day. But—always be CLEAN when attending to accidents.

THE HOUSE ORDERLY BADGE

This is a badge one generally sees on a Cub when he begins to earn badges. I wonder if he goes for this badge because it is one of those for helping others, or because it is an easy one ? At all events, it is a very useful one, and any ordinary Cub ought to be able to get it.

It is a funny thing, but English people don't seem to be able to make decent coffee, and foreigners don't seem to be able to make decent tea. The Australians are the best tea-makers I know of, and so they ought to be, because they are always drinking it. They drink it with every meal, and as often in between as they can. I think the chief thing in making tea is to be sure the water is boiling, that it hasn't been boiling long, and not to let the tea-leaves stew too long.

If an egg is not fresh it won't poach, or rather it breaks ; it might fry, but it is better left alone ;

if it sits up and chirps at you, why, of course, you know at once there is something wrong, and use it for something else.

When peeling potatoes be very careful not to cut yourself; it is quite easy to do so without trying very hard. An awful lot of potato is lost by peeling too thickly, so don't waste.

To clean boots, which means to polish them as well, the first thing is to get off the dirt without scratching the leather. Some slovenly people put blacking *over* the mud, but you can't go on doing that for ever, can you? It is a mistake to use too much blacking or polish.

I always like cleaning up things, especially the polishing up part; to see things getting newer and newer is fine. I am not quite so fond of cleaning up plates and dishes after meals, but even that isn't so bad if you use plenty of soda to get rid of the grease.

If a Cub can do all these things *really well* he is a very useful boy, and very different from what boys used to be.

Cubs come from all sorts of families, rich and poor. There are lots of Cubs who are lords. It may be difficult for a rich Cub to get a chance of doing some of the House Orderly tests, because the cook doesn't like boys in the kitchen, and if they started on her stove she would be sure to get angry, and an angry cook is a fearful thing. Of course, she *might* not mind, in which case it would be all right.

THE GUIDE BADGE

We will now have a little think about the Guide badge. It is funny how difficult people seem to find it is to tell the way to a stranger. They often end in having to go with him. But it is much better to be able to explain the way.

To do this Cubs must be quite certain which is their right and which is their left. I have met many grown-ups who can't remember this! "You turn to the *left*," they say, pointing to the *right*, and in the end you are so muddled up that you think it best to ask somebody else.

Before you can show the way you must know it yourself. Now, a Cub can't be expected to know every place, especially if he lives in a big city or town, and so he ought to begin with places likely to be wanted, such as police and fire stations, doctors, chemists, hospitals, and so on, always learning those nearest to his home or headquarters.

If he lives in the country, he ought to know the direction of the nearest towns. As to short cuts, unless they are easy, I always find long cuts are shorter!

Don't forget this is another of those badges earned so that you can help others; therefore you must be extra careful to work very hard at it. If you have earned it, and if a stranger asks you a question you ought to know, but which stumps you, I think you ought to ask your C.M. to take back the badge and examine you in two or three weeks' time, to see if you really deserve it then. That would, at least, be honest.

Many Cubs give heaps of directions, but they talk so indistinctly that the stranger cannot understand. Speak slowly and speak up; don't get the wind up! I expect the stranger is really quite tame and won't bite!

Always be very polite, which is, however, quite different from being too chummy. It is not good to be too friendly with a complete stranger, and you are not expected to *go* with him, but to *direct* him. As a Cub you, of course, take no reward for helping him. It is a pleasure to you to be able to help him.

CLEANLINESS

I KNOW very well that boys are all over the shop and always finding out things, and so *must* get dirty. I don't mind that at all. That is what one calls "inevitable" dirt, which sounds very grand, but which means "necessary" dirt. You can't do gardening, or clean boots, or do lots of things without getting dirty. But there are times when one ought to clean up, and parades are such times. You should not turn up on parade with your finger-nails in mourning and all black. There should not be a high-water mark showing where you wash your neck and don't wash your body. What I say is not confined to poor boys. I know many well-to-do boys, whose parents have nice bathrooms, but who have a well-marked line where washing ends. All this is bad, because one's body should be kept clean from foul sweat and dirt, and even if you haven't a bath handy, a wet rag or sponge will do all that is necessary.

If you keep clean you are much more likely to keep healthy, and all Cubs want to be healthy and strong.

Some fellows think that so long as what shows is clean, nobody will be any the wiser. But what about the feet? If they are never washed, how can you expect them to enable you to use them for the best? In the German Army, if a soldier fell out because he was lame he was punished, because they said it was his fault for not looking after his feet! And your mouth. Do you look after your teeth? Do you wash them every day? If you don't, it is your fault if you have toothache. An awful lot of suffering is caused by toothache, which needn't be, if only a boy would clean his teeth. Good teeth look so nice, too! I know a boy who said he was cursed with a thin upper lip which didn't cover his teeth. I said he was blessed by his Creator, because a nice row of teeth looked jolly, and people always thought such people pleasant, especially if the teeth were clean. Of course, dirty teeth look horrible, but nice teeth are always a help to any fellow.

There is one other kind of cleanliness—that is, of speech. A boy who uses bad language is wrong. Of course, a Cub doesn't; but if he hears another boy using language he knows isn't used in the Pack he ought to tell him to shut up, and explain why; because, of course, it is quite possible the poor boy didn't mean any harm and was only repeating, like a parrot, what somebody he knew said. In a case like this, try to be a friend to the boy and get him to join your Pack; he is probably quite a decent fellow if he gets a chance. That is one way you can help the Great Brother-

hood of Scouts, and that is one of the things you want to do. I say, Cubs, what chances you have if you only take 'em !

SPORTSMEN

I WOULD rather Cubs were sportsmen than sports. "What is the difference?" you say. Well, a "sportsman" *does* things, and a "sport" only too often just looks on. One therefore becomes *fit*, and the other is likely to become *fat*. The Chief is very keen that Scouts and Cubs should take part in sports, games, and all manly exercise and not be content to look on. Look at some of those football crowds. The only thing to be said in their favour is that they at least get a little fresh air when watching the game, although they do their best to spoil even that by breathing in cigarette smoke.

I wonder how many of these lookers-on have really played a decent game of football. Be "fit sportsmen," oh Cubs! and not "fat sports."

REAL BRAVERY

I EXPECT every boy wants to show those around him that he is particularly good at something or other. I suppose it is all right to want to excel, but some fellows choose rather silly things to excel in, when there are really plenty to go in for which are of good use. To see how long you can hold your breath isn't so useful as to see how by breathing exercises you can get a bigger chest.

Boys often try to go one better in something not at all worth while and often of real harm. Some of you know that street game "Last man over," where the idea is to see who can get across the road without being run over by a coming motor-car; that, of course, is absolutely silly, because it generally ends in somebody being hurt some day, and, anyhow, the driver gets very muddled up by so many boys crossing "just in time." Some boys mix up daring with bravery. I knew a man who was bathing with a friend where sharks were about. Both could swim splendidly. A shark appeared a long way off and made for them; one man got ashore as quickly as he could; the other, who was proud of his excellent swimming, took it easier and began fooling, just to show he wasn't afraid. He was about to land on the bank when the shark gave a jump (the man who was fooling forgot about the jump) and bit the man clean in halves. I knew a stewardess who dived into the sea, which was full of sharks, to save a little girl. The stewardess was really brave.

MIND YOUR OWN BUSINESS

I SAW some Cubs racing the other day, and one Cub kept on looking round to see who was nearest him, instead of running on and minding his own business. Every time he looked round he lost speed, and almost got beaten in the race. So, you see, it actually did him harm; and so it will do you harm if you meddle in other people's affairs.

I suppose it is rather rude to tell a person to

mind his own business, but really it is a pity some people don't; even Cubs sometimes interfere with things which don't concern them. Often they hardly know they are doing so.

This rather brings up the question of sneaking. No boy should be a sneak; at the same time, if it is clearly one's duty to report somebody, go to that person and say you are going to report him, or, better still, take him up with you.

That could hardly be called sneaking, especially if you are quite sure it is for the general good you are acting, and not to better yourself.

STICK TO YOUR WORK

Don't always be in a hurry. Young people generally are and probably always will be; they have so much to do, so much to learn, that they flit in great haste from one thing to another so as not to miss anything.

What I want most to point out is this: Don't be in a hurry to be a Scout—you will be one all right when you are eleven or twelve; but, meanwhile, why not be a well-trained Cub?

Cubs should not bother about Scout work; if they stick to Cubbing they will not only have a jolly good time, but will make all the better Scouts when the time comes. Meanwhile, what should Cubs do?

Well, they should do all Cub work thoroughly. Cubs, being young, have good memories, and can learn things such as signalling so easily that they hardly know they are doing it. They ought to learn how to play games properly—that is, they

should keep the rules, be sporty, learn how to lose with a grin, and to enter into the fun of it.

Then to learn to obey is important. Everyone has to obey, grown-ups and all. So long as people live together there must be rules to be obeyed, or else there would be awful rows. Often it is hard to obey, but Cubs must trust those who are over them and *not give in to themselves*.

I was told by a well-known man that what struck him most at the Jamboree was the splendid way Cubs obeyed; so, you see, you are already learning that part of your job.

Then, it is easy to learn to be polite when you are young, and politeness carries you a long way in life, simply because people prefer to have to do with those who behave well rather than with those whose manners are more like those of a pig.

And if you sometimes fail, never mind; buck up and try again. You are young and have other chances; only always keep trying and never own that you are beaten.

ARE YOU DOWN IN THE DUMPS?

Isn't it rotten when one goes to bed at night and everything seems to have gone wrong all day long? Whatever one did seems to have been taken the wrong way, and whatever one didn't do ought to have been done, and so altogether the day was a failure—a "dud."

I jolly well know the feeling, but, as a rule, next morning it doesn't seem quite so bad; in fact, I generally have forgotten that "dud" day. In such cases the cause is usually due to something

I ate which sticks somewhere, and so makes me think things are worse than they really are. But this is not always the case, and sometimes something really does go wrong, and we think in our dismay that it is all up with us.

At my first school, I remember, I cut the headmaster's garden hose (I can't remember for certain, but I believe it was quite by mistake). At all events, there was an awful row when I owned up, and I thought my father would certainly have to sell up the home to repay the damage!

You see, this was a very long time ago, and I was only quite a small boy. I blubbed like anything when I was alone and no one could see, to think of the shame I had brought on my family, and felt utterly unhappy. The end of it all was that the hose was found to have been cut several times before, and I only had to pay a shilling or two to get it mended.

So I needn't have been so unhappy nor have shed those stupid tears—unless, of course, I had purposely hurt the hose, and I don't think I had. Even when things *do* go wrong there is always the thought that bad luck can't go on for ever, and that even things we don't like have their good side.

For instance, I love the warm summer and the lovely green trees, but, after all, the beautiful brown trees of autumn are almost prettier, and when there are no leaves at all I can see if the railway signal is up or down much better than I can when the trees are covered with leaves, and so I know when to run to catch my train. You see, each season has its advantages for me.

However, there is a time when people *ought* to worry and feel uncomfortable, and that is when

they don't do their best. If Cubs have really done their best, the thing to do is to cheer up when things go wrong ; but if Cubs haven't done their best, the thing to do is to think how to do better next time.

Grown-ups often think the troubles of a child are nothing. Some troubles, I know, are very real, at all events, at the time ; but Cubmasters generally understand their Cubs because they want to, and because they like to help them. So Cubs can always tell their Cubmasters their troubles, and the Cubmasters will be sure to make things better.

ABOUT ELEPHANTS

My favourite animals are elephants, horses and dogs, so I will tell you something about elephants. It is the largest known animal. It comes from India or Africa. You can tell which is which, because Indian elephants have smaller ears and are smaller in height ; again, African elephants have three nails on their hind feet, but Indian elephants have four.

The African elephant isn't easily trained, and so at Zoos it is the Indian elephant you see and ride upon.

The African elephant seldom lies down, but the Indian fellow often does so to rest or sleep.

Elephants are supposed to be very clever ; but they are not really awfully clever, though they are able to be trained to be very useful. They have good memories, and are sensitive to kindness or cruelty ; that is to say, if you are kind or cruel they will remember it and repay you, even if it is years afterwards.

A boy once rammed a pin into an elephant's trunk when offering it food, causing it great pain. The boy forgot all about it, but years afterwards the elephant saw him, remembered the cruelty, and nearly killed the boy, who had grown into a man.

An angry elephant is a nasty thing ; he charges at his enemy, making a lot of short, sharp, trumpeting screams ; he raises his head and trunk and cocks his ears. An elephant has been known to kneel on a man and pull him into three or four pieces.

Probably elephants recognise people by their smell. Everybody smells differently, and savages and animals notice the difference, although we do not.

Elephants are awfully strong, and can drag along a ton quite easily for long journeys at a good quick walking pace. At the same time these animals are very nimble ; for example, they can pick up a needle with their trunks. The trunk can be lengthened or shortened, and can be turned in any direction.

If you are kind to elephants and get to know them, they like you and will do anything for you, and this is the same with horses and dogs, and that is why I like them.

Small things will frighten elephants. A little mouse, or a strange noise, or some sudden thing will start the large creature trumpeting with fear.

They are not fed with huge chunks of raw meat like lions or tigers. They eat hay and stuff, like horses. They love the smell of flowers ; try one with some next time you are at a Zoo.

Once a boy was giving a bun to an elephant at

a Zoo, but it fell so that neither the boy nor the elephant could reach it. The cunning animal blew the bun towards the boy, so that he could reach it and throw it farther next time !

There are several ways of getting on to the back of an elephant. Sometimes an elephant lets you walk up his trunk and pull yourself up by his ears on to his head ; sometimes the rider steps on to his hind leg, which he lifts up, when you pull yourself up by his tail.

An elephant loves a bath, and goes into rivers with nothing showing but the tip of his trunk, which he leaves out to breathe through. He hates flies on his back because they tickle him, and so with his trunk he squirts water over his back and keeps the flies away.

The ivory of elephants is very valuable. The African elephants have the largest tusks. There is in the South Kensington Museum one tusk weighing 228 lb., and it is 10 ft. 2 in. long. But an ordinary Indian tusk weighs about 75 lb.

You should read about " Hathi," the wild elephant, in the *Jungle Book*, by Rudyard Kipling.

Horses and dogs with which you come in contact every day are in many ways similar to elephants. They appreciate kindness, and have many nice ways of showing they like you if you give them a chance. They seem to know if you want to be friends, and are ready to chum up to boys who are kind to them.

It is a fine thing to be a friend to animals.

A PACK SCRIBE

Has your Pack got a scribe ? A scribe is one who writes, and so a Pack scribe writes about his Pack. It would be great fun to have a sort of diary of the Pack, a written account of all it does. Each meeting could be written up ; there would be sure to be something to write about. The thing to do would be to write each entry roughly on a piece of paper first, and then get the C.M. to go over it and see if it is all right ; then it could be copied out nicely into the Pack records, or, as some people call it, " the log." When Cub T. Jones gets his first star, down it goes into the log of that date, and ten years later, when Mr. Thomas Jones comes to visit the old Pack, he has a squint at the old log, and, turning over the leaves, he comes across : " T. Jones won his first star to-day." Now, T. Jones has long ago won his King's Scout badge and is now a S.M., but he just loves to see when he won his first star. Another ten years passes, and Mr. Jones arrives again and looks up the old page, assisted by Tenderpad Tommy, his son, and this time he leaves a " quid " for the Pack camp fund, for T. Jones, Esq., is getting rich and is well up in a good business, because he stuck to his Cub and Scout promises and they helped him.

Of course, there should be no blanks in a log, so if a Pack decides to start one, it should be kept up. The Pack scribe, therefore, is an important person, and only the best Cub for the job should be chosen. He should not be a boy who collects butterflies one day and foreign stamps

the next, and then gets mixed up and sticks the butterflies in the stamp album !

The Chief is a great believer in logs, and he thinks things of interest should be stuck into the book, like Pack photographs, programmes, and things like that. It is years afterwards that the book becomes so interesting, as was shown when Thomas Jones, Esq., returned and looked it up. It must be a good strong book, and then, when the Prime Minister of England comes in 1961 to see the exact date he was made a Sixer of the Pack, he will not find just a lot of dog-eared torn pieces of dirty paper !

FIRES I HAVE SEEN

I AM not going to quote a lot of proverbs here about Fire, like " Never play with the fire," or " Out of the frying-pan into the fire," and so on, although I must say if I were in a gigantic frying-pan getting fried, I'd try and get out of it somehow. It must be jolly uncomfortable to be fried !

A short time ago, when everybody had gone to bed, there was a row next door and a cry of " Fire ! " After a bit the fire-engines came, clanging their bells and making it all very exciting. Apart from the noise there was a smell—a distinct *smell* of fire.

Well, next door is rather near, isn't it, when all the houses are joined together and one of them is on fire ? So everybody got up and dressed, just as we did in the days of air-raids. And then the fire-engines packed up and went home, and there was nothing to do but to go to bed again !

I expect the firemen used a fire-extinguisher; they always try to put out a fire with this, if possible, because it does less damage than a lot of water, and so they carry a supply of them on their engines.

But fires don't always end so easily. I have seen a good many big fires at different times, such as a ship on fire in mid-ocean, mines on fire, forests on fire, whole towns and villages on fire, and so on.

The ship on fire was very exciting. I was on a big passenger ship coming from Cape Town during the great Boer War. We were in the Atlantic Ocean, almost on the Equator, and about 500 miles from any kind of land.

We saw some smoke a long way off, and thought it was from a passing steamer, but at the same time we noticed that the captain on his bridge (which was, of course, much higher up, and so he could see farther) was curious, and fixed his telescope on the smōke; then our ship turned sharp to the right and made for the smoke.

We soon guessed what was wrong, and as we got nearer and nearer, the smoke got bigger and bigger, and at last we saw a ship on fire from end to end. There was a ship's boat alongside her, with twenty-eight men aboard—this was the crew, who found it too hot on the ship. And I'm not surprised, because the iron ship was red-hot, and the ripple of the sea against the iron sent up clouds of steam.

The water-tanks were destroyed, and these twenty-eight men had only one barrel of water to last them a voyage of 500 miles in a rowing-boat in one of the hottest parts of the world!

So they sent up a tremendous cheer when we got to them, and we gave them a good old cheer, too, and took them on board.

Some of the crew were burnt, but none killed, and they had even saved two cats and a canary. Sailors are like that ; they love animals, and will go to a lot of trouble to save their pets, if shipwrecked.

A forest fire is a fine sight, especially at night-time, and it is wonderful how quickly it can spread.

When coal-mines catch on fire they often burn for years. In some mines they keep the tunnels and places open by means of wooden supports, and so mines often have an awful lot of wood in them. Sometimes this catches fire, and I was once in a mine which had been burning for years, and I believe it still is ; of course, they keep the burning part away from the rest of the mine if they can.

I always think the worst kind of fire is a number of houses. It means so many lost homes, and perhaps loss of life.

All Cubs should know where the nearest fire-alarm is, and how to use it, also the nearest fire-station. Cubs who live in the country can be ready for fires by remembering where the wells and ponds are, where the buckets are kept, and how to use fire-extinguishers, if they are kept.

SHIPWRECKS

HAVE any of you fellows ever been in a shipwreck ? *I* have, and it is very exciting. The one of which I am thinking was when we went aground

off the Japanese coast, and the ship tilted so much to one side that one couldn't stand on deck without hanging on to something; she jolly nearly turned right over.

Well, the kiddies were having lunch at the time, and they all got tumbled into a corner of the saloon, mixed up with soup, pudding, and all the food from the table. People got scared to death. It was an American liner, and had a Chinese crew. The Chinamen rushed to the boats, and drew their knives so as to keep the passengers away and to be able to save themselves.

However, after a time everyone got cooler, and the passengers got off safely with nothing worse than a fright. The ship didn't sink, after all.

In February, 1852, there was a dreadful shipwreck. The steamship *Birkenhead* had a number of soldiers on board, and when the ship was sinking rapidly and the officers saw there was no chance of saving everybody the soldiers were lined up as on parade, while the women and children were taken off.

As the ship sank, these brave soldiers sang and cheered till the water covered them; not a man broke the ranks.

Four hundred and thirty-six gallant men were drowned in this way; each man was a real hero. After all, if you've got to be drowned or die, it is no good making a fuss about it, and you may as well be brave, if only as an example to others.

The example of these soldiers on the *Birkenhead* is still talked of, even though seventy years have passed since that day. Those soldiers did in a few minutes what many never do in a lifetime—

they showed the world what discipline and bravery meant.

I don't want you to think from what I have written above that if something dreadful happens, or if you are ill, you should lie down and say: "Right Ho! I'll die, then." In the East they call this "Kismet," or "Fate." But this is really due to laziness or funk, and I am sure we are not meant to give in, whatever our fate may be.

Do your best, and then if the worse comes to the worst just grin and bear it. Those *Birkenhead* soldiers knew that if they were saved the women and kiddies couldn't be, so they cheered as they went to a brave death.

INVENTIONS

I THINK I've heard an expression that pigs could fly if they had wings. Well, it would be hard to fly without wings, even if they wagged their tails three thousand revolutions a minute, like an aeroplane propeller, wouldn't it? Still, there is something which flies without wings—that is *Time*. Time flies like Billy Oh! (whoever he is), and before you know where you are—well, you are there, so now you know! Do you know that many things that you now take as everyday facts were not in common use when I was born? And I'm not so very old, either!

Take the electric light. I remember going to see an exhibition at the Crystal Palace of the first use of electric light in the house. As to electric torches! I remember quite well my dark lantern which burnt smelly oil. One clipped a thing, and a piece of tin covered the light.

The idea was to go as near to a policeman as the smell would allow without him getting the wind up, and then suddenly raise the tin, which turned the light on to the surprised face of the policeman.

He generally got rather angry, and it became necessary to do a " bunk," but one always felt rather sorry to have disturbed him in his murder hunt, or whatever it was.

The electric torches and the well-lit streets make this sort of sport rather out of date, apart from the fact that it was never really fair on the policemen, who are our best friends, if we only knew it.

Then there came the phonograph ; I heard the first one ever made. Nowadays a gramophone, which is, of course, the same sort of thing, is more in use.

Then there is the typewriter, electric train, petrol-driven engines (known by the hard name of " internal combustion engines," which are used in aeroplanes and really enabled men to fly), telephones, wireless telegraphy and wireless telephones, Röntgen rays, radium and heaps of other things —all in less than fifty years. These inventions were greatly due to a long peace ; there were no very great wars, and people had time to invent things. It is true that during the Great War many things were invented, some, unfortunately, for the purpose of killing our fellow-men ; but I think you will agree that all the things I have mentioned are useful, and they have all happened in so short a time that we cannot help feeling time *does* fly at such a rate that all clocks ought to have wings each side of them as a reminder.

I wonder what Cubs can do to make the best use of time ?

WATERFALLS

You have all heard of the Falls of Niagara. I have been over them and under them, too, and they are very fine. But do you know that in British Guiana there is a waterfall five times bigger, known as the Kaieteur Falls ?

These falls are 822 ft. high. A good many Cubs do not know where British Guiana is, and I don't blame 'em.

It is a jolly hot place, just above the Equator and north of South America, and therefore north of Brazil ; but some day, when we have learnt to live in unhealthy climates, it will be a great place, and we already know that one important thing is to conquer the mosquito, which is a sort of gnat whose bite gives you fever.

But I am forgetting about the waterfall. Do you know that water falling from a height is a great power ? You know quite well that if a person threw a bucket of water at you, you would feel something fairly hard had struck you.

Now, suppose that force were used to do something useful, it would be valuable. Well, if water is used to beat against something which can turn round, you have at once a means of turning water into something useful. So a thing called a " turbine " was invented. This is a sort of windmill, only instead of wind, water is used, which sets it going. When you once set wheels going you can do almost anything. You can work

factories, make electric light, make heat, and do all sorts of things.

Well, this has been done with the Niagara Falls, and for miles around there are factories run by the force of water.

The force of water in rivers is also of use, and I believe that soon we shall make more use of them than we do now.

It is important that we should, because the cost of coal has increased ever so much, and in England we depend a great deal on coal to make steam, which is the force we use for our trains and factories.

There is another kind of force, namely, " Force of Character." This means that if a fellow is the right sort he can do an awful lot to help others. Suppose he is a rotter, what chance has he to help others ? But if he is a decent chap, and tries to help everybody, he can be most powerful, and every Cub can be this if he tries to do " the best possible."

Cubs promise to do their best. If they really and truly do this, they will be very important people.

A FAMOUS ST. GEORGE'S DAY

April 23rd is St. George's Day, and I am going to tell you about one of the most thrilling things ever done by the British Navy.

The Germans during the Great War used to get their submarines made all over Germany, and they then put them together at a place called Bruges. Now, Bruges is connected with Zee

brugge by a canal nine miles long, and the opening to the sea is guarded by a " mole," which is a wall to protect the opening from the rough sea. Every Cub knows the awful damage the German submarines did, how they sank our food-ships, and would in time have starved us. So everything was done to destroy this opening for the submarines, both by air and sea ; but we didn't succeed, and something desperate had to be done.

On St. George's Day, 1918, it was managed in a tremendously secret way, and volunteers were called for this most dangerous work. All our men volunteered who had the chance, and almost fought to join in the adventure. We got an old submarine and filled her with explosives, and sent her to the beginning of the mole, which here was like a pier. The Germans thought we were trying to get it through the iron supports, and, knowing we couldn't, thought we were awfully silly, and watched our efforts near by, until all of a sudden there was a terrific bang, and the Germans went up into the air, and if any survived they would have seen our plucky sailors leaving safely in little boats. You see, we knew we couldn't get through, and weren't trying to, and all we wanted to do was to blow up the pier, so that help couldn't come that way. Meanwhile, to take off the attention of the Germans, we landed men near the head of the mole from the *Vindictive*. This was terribly dangerous for us, because the wall was very high, and the top was full of German guns of every kind. I have been there, and I can't think how anyone came back alive. Our British sailors are wonderful and although many were killed, our ships left, after doing their job

and taking off our wounded men. But the main thing was to block up the Germans' submarines, and all the other things were to fool the enemy, so while the Germans were busy attending to these things we sent other ships to the mouth of the canal and sank them there, so that ever after Zeebrugge was useless for submarines to be sent from to starve us. The Germans collected our dead and buried them decently, and put up a monument to them ; but the greatest monument is the memory of their bravery in one of the finest things our Navy has ever done.

There isn't room to tell you any more about it, but I hope the mole will be kept as it is, so that when you Cubs can get to see it you will understand what was done, and will honour our splendid sailors and marines who did so much for us and helped greatly to end the awful War.

It was a grand thing to do on St. George's Day, wasn't it ?

GUY FAWKES

"Please to remember the 5th of November,
Gunpowder, Treason and Plot."

It does not much matter what the trouble was about, but it ended in some angry people, who were headed by a man called Robert Catesby, making up their minds to blow up the Houses of Parliament just at the time when King James I was going to open them. This was on November 5th, 1605. Well, of course, there would have been several empty chairs at breakfast next morning in many families if the plot had succeeded ; but it

did not succeed, and I will tell you how that came about. There was a fellow called Guido Fawkes, better known as Guy Fawkes (pronounced Fox); he was a Yorkshireman, and a "soldier of fortune," which means a man who hires himself out and goes about looking for little wars or rows in which he may join, partly for the fun of the thing and partly as a living. When this man was about thirty-six years of age he was engaged by the villains to blow up the Houses of Parliament. (You must remember this was not the same building as the one which can be seen in London to-day; the old Houses of Parliament were burnt in 1834, and the present were erected in 1840.) To do this Guy Fawkes found an empty cellar under the House of Lords, and this he filled with barrels of gunpowder, and was just about to set a light to them when he was collared in the very act. The way this came about was because a man in the conspiracy, named Sir Thomas Tresham, had a brother-in-law, Lord Monteagle, and he knew he would be in the building at the time it was to be destroyed, and wanted to save him, so he sent him a mysterious letter of warning. This led to enquiries being made, and they found out there was going to be an attempt to destroy the building. They were, however, cunning enough to wait until the last moment, so as to catch them red-handed, and this, you see, they actually did. Well, they got poor old Guy Fawkes and put him in prison in the Tower of London, in that part called the "White Tower," or "Keep," and his dungeon was right down under the ground and only measured about six feet square. However, they did not leave him there entirely, because

they took him out every now and then and cruelly tortured him, so as to get him to tell who were the rest of the gang; but Guy Fawkes was too good a sportsman to give them away, and they never found out from him. I have seen the signature of Guy Fawkes before and after being tortured, and it is dreadful to see how shaky his writing was after the torture.

Robert Catesby, who, as I have said, was the head of the whole affair, was killed by soldiers of the Crown a few days later, Guy Fawkes being hanged on 1st February, 1606.

The idea of having fireworks on Guy Fawkes' Day is not so popular now as it used to be, but we still let off crackers and squibs to remind us, I suppose, of the big pop, which never came off, at Westminster in 1605.

JACK TAR

On May 7th, 1915, an enormous passenger ship running between England and America was torpedoed and sunk in a few minutes. Of those on board, 1134 were drowned.

We had been at war with Germany for over nine months, and the Huns were beginning to realise we were not quite so easy to beat as they had thought. So they invented a new way of "fighting" us. They worked very hard with their under-the-sea ships and explosive mines, and decided to give us no chance if they could help it.

They said, "If we sink every British ship at sight, no matter if it be passenger, cargo, warship,

or even hospital ship, we will soon have these British on their knees. Sailors won't have pluck enough to man the ships after a large number have been torpedoed. No ships means no food, and then they'll have to give in to us, and we will be conquerors of the world."

It sounded very well, and so they started their scheme with every brutality. Their ships were submarines, and never dared show above water if we were about. They hit us, and we couldn't see how. Men, women, and children, who were not fighters, got killed, and our ships got fewer and fewer as they were sunk.

Then our side began to think, and all sorts of inventions were made, and ideas carried out. We had what we call " Q " boats. They looked so innocent and harmless when a submarine came to hold them up. The crew would pretend to be in an awful funk, and run about like rabbits, while some of the sailors would jump overboard.

The sailors were dressed to look a regular " bunderlog " crew, and then, when the " sub." got near enough, the sides of the " Q " boat would fall back and big guns would blaze forth and sink the old " sub."

The crew were men of the Royal Navy, specially trained for the job, which, of course, was very risky ; they would seem to abandon the ship, when all the time they were luring on the Huns to destruction.

Then we had an invention which told us by sound if a " sub." were near. You know sound travels under water very easily, so if you have an instrument to catch and magnify and locate the

sound, there you are. And if you know the enemy is about, you can lie in wait for him.

But the wonderful thing was that it did not seem to matter how often a seaman was torpedoed —if he were saved, his first wish was to get another ship and risk it again and again. They determined the Huns should not frighten them.

When we remember that most of the seamen were not fighting sailors of the Royal Navy, but ordinary everyday peaceful sailors, it shows what fine men we have in what is called the Mercantile Marine (that is, passenger and cargo ships). Everybody sees this now, and the Government allow a very smart uniform for them ; and when we think that these men saved us from starvation we cannot be too thankful.

Next time you are asked to help some Sailors' Society, or Lifeboat Society, or Mission to Seamen, you might try to remember what these seamen have done for you.

LONG LIVE THE KING!

On June 3rd, 1865, was born King George V, and, being our very own King, we are, of course, particularly interested in him.

" But why ? " may ask some inquisitive Cub who likes to know all he can, and I don't blame him. Well, there must be a head or chief to everything ; even beasts realise this. Men do more so, because we see that there must be leaders.

In the old days Kings were chosen for their strength, either of mind or body, and they were

generally succeeded by their relatives, though not always.

Some nations prefer republics, and their head is called a President, and he is elected by the people for a certain number of years. This has happened in England, but we soon went back to a King.

Now, I am not going to say which is best, because it depends on so many things ; but what I do want to say is this : we have been very lucky lately with our rulers. I have lived under three, namely, Queen Victoria, King Edward VII, and King George V. I was quite surprised when Queen Victoria died ; she had reigned so long it seemed quite absurd that she would some day die. But Kings and Queens do die, like ourselves, and the long and successful reign of Queen Victoria came to an end.

Her son King Edward's reign was quite short, but an excellent one. He was out to make friends with all nations, and did a lot of good.

His son, King George V, followed him, and is still our King. Long may he reign ! His plan seems to be to see all that is going on, especially amongst the poorer people. He is a terrific worker, and Cubs would be surprised to know how hard he works. Eight hours a day are too few for him. I should be sorry to have to work as he does. His motto is to do his best, and he doesn't care how much it takes it out of him.

That's the sort of King we want ; one who works for the people, and who is an example of hard work for others. He loves Scouts and Cubs, and likes to have a chat and joke with them.

And he has trained his children well. His

eldest son, the Prince of Wales, we all know about. He has won all hearts, because he is a man and a sportsman. He is Chief Scout for Wales, and is awfully keen on Scouts, and got up the fund, called after his name, to help us.

Now, Royal Princes don't do this sort of thing without the best advice of the best people who know, so it is certain that Scouting is considered a very good thing and well worth helping; and we Cubs and Scouts must help also by making sure we do all we can to show England we intend to help others at all times, just as the King and the Prince of Wales spend their time helping the people of England.

The King stands for the Nation; we have promised to be loyal and to do our duty to the King, and therefore to the Nation. I only hope we'll do it half as well as the King does. God save the King!

THOSE GOOD TURNS

THERE was once a man who was head of an important business. He was a bachelor, and people said he hated women, but that he hated boys more. He owned a bungalow on an island in a river; during winter this bungalow used to be under water, so that they could not leave anything in the house, and when they came in the summer they had to bring all their furniture and things with them.

Well, this man was going to his bungalow with a bachelor friend, who went shares in the house, and of course, they had all their luggage with

them. This they had to load into the boat to get to the island, and they found it very heavy work.

Just then half a dozen Cubs in charge of a Scout came along and offered to help. They did not know the man was a boy-hater. However, he let them help him, and was very glad to get the work done. The Cubs did it all very tidily and well, and when it was finished they were offered two shillings as a tip.

Now, these Cubs were not at all well off—in fact, they were rather poor Cubs—but they said, " Oh, no ; we will not take a tip, because we are doing this as a Good Turn." But the boy-hater pressed the Cubs very hard to take the money, though all in vain.

The man then dropped the two shillings down the neck of the Scout, and thought that would settle the matter. But he was a Scout, and that did not put him in a fix at all—he simply undid his belt, shook himself, and out dropped the money, which he handed to the man, saying that neither Scouts nor Cubs took money when they were doing a Good Turn. (You see, doing a Good Turn is very different from making a bargain beforehand for work you promised to do. If the man had begun by saying, " Will you load my boat for two shillings ? " it would have been a different thing.)

Well, the man could not make this out ; he could not understand how boys, who it was easy to see were poor, could refuse money in this way ; but then, you see, being a boy-hater, he knew nothing of Cubs and Scouts.

The man told this story to a friend of his who happened to be interested in Scouts, and he ex-

plained that Scouts and Cubs do not take money for a Good Turn.

I believe this bungalow man will now look on Scouting as something to be helped, and who knows but that this Good Turn of the six Cubs and the Scout may some day make him like boys so much that he will himself, perhaps, become a Scout- or Cubmaster !

Cubs never know who is watching them ; they never know how a tiny little thing may mean such a lot, even a long time after ; but if they always do their best they need not have much fear of the future.

MIND YOUR CAMP MANNERS

I HAVE made a good many long voyages by ship, and I always think the best way to get to know people really well is to be shut up on a ship with them for some weeks. You see one is always with them and sees them doing all sorts of things. If they are bad-tempered, selfish, greedy, jolly or generous, it all comes out.

On sea people often get sea-sick and feel miserable ; it is then very difficult to be nice. It is very hard not to " give in to yourself." Do you know the rhyme :

> " There once was a Cub of Ostend
> Who vowed he'd hold out to the end ;
> But when half-way over
> From Calais to Dover
> He did what he didn't intend."

The poor Cub " did his best " not to be sea-sick, but it was too much for him ! Still I've seen

sea-sick people quite nice about it, and giving as little trouble as possible ; and, as a matter of fact, sea-sickness is greatly imaginary, and one can often stop it by not giving in to oneself. I have seen others who " don't care tuppence " about those around them and make an awful fuss. One boy wanted to stop the ship and get out and walk !

A place something like a ship for getting to know people is a camp. Here you certainly get to know if a Cub is a nasty, bad-tempered chap, or a cheery little imp, always ready to do a good turn. The greedy boy is soon found out, and has a bad time of it. The C.M., who thought he knew his boys so well, finds that Tommy can't take a joke without losing his temper, though he loves to make one himself. Jimmy, who in the clubroom was so quiet, is really the most useful and good-tempered boy in camp. Dick, who was always in a row, was the Cub who was most quick and clever in putting out a fire or rescuing his C.M. from a savage bull !

Now, most of you Cubs will be camping soon, so don't forget this is the time when you will be found out. If there's any good in you it is sure to come out, and if you are really a bit of a rotter, I'd advise you to try to get over it before camp time.

No true Cub is really a rotter, and so all you've got to do is to smite yourself on the chest and say, " I am a *Cub*, I *will* be a decent Cub ; I *won't* give in to myself." And I don't think you will, especially if you ask God to help you.

DO YOU COLLECT RUBBISH?

SOME clever man, when asked what dirt was said it was " matter out of place." For instance, earth in a garden-bed is in its place, where it helps to grow flowers ; but if a Cub brings it into the house on his boots, his mother or somebody will say : " Oh ! Look at Jimmy bringing in all that dirt " ; and it *will* then be dirt, because it is out of place on the floor of a house.

So with rubbish. What is rubbish to me may be very useful to you. Perhaps I have an old clock which won't go. I throw it away as rubbish. But a Cub finds it, and some of the wheels are just what he wanted for something he is making, so he is hardly likely to think the old clock rubbish.

The main thing to ask is whether a thing is useful ; if it is, it isn't rubbish ; if you are not sure, and think it may be some day, put it in a " rubbish box," in case you may want it ; but, of course, you can't go on for ever putting everything you find in the " rubbish box," or it would soon overflow. You must use your brains, and every now and then clear the box out, and only keep the most likely things.

Some people go really silly over collecting rubbish, and I've known of cases where big houses have been filled from top to bottom with things which would never be used by the owner. Such people are more or less mad.

Hardly anything is rubbish if you know exactly how to use it, or to whom to send it.

Fortunes have been made from house rubbish-

bins. Bones go to make buttons or manure ; old tins and cans get melted up to make new cans ; rags go to make paper ; old paper (as all Scouts and Cubs know) gets pulped up to make new paper ; and so on.

I remember seeing an incinerator (that is a special kind of fire-place, into which is put the remains of rubbish after all possible useful stuff has been removed), and the heat from it lit the place by electricity ; so even *that* rubbish was of use.

Some people *talk* rubbish. As a rule, that is a pity, because you say what you want, and if you want to say something silly you are *creating* rubbish, which is wasting time and probably isn't even funny, so we leave that sort of thing to idiots.

At the same time, if you want to amuse people by saying something which sounds like rubbish, and if it *does* amuse them and make them laugh, I should say it is useful rubbish-talk, because we should all try to be jolly. Only be awfully careful not to overdo talking rubbish. People easily get tired of it, and will then start calling you a little idiot !

TRAVELLING

I WONDER if you boys ever long to see the world. Most boys do, so I suppose you are the same as the rest of them. Of course, travelling is much easier now than it was. Railways, which were first used in England in 1825, made things easier, although they made an awful fuss about them at first, and it was ten years later before the big

railway companies got going, the first being the Great Western Railway.

Motor-cars also help us to go to places which we never would have gone to in the old days. Most people don't know that a sort of motor-car was made and used for passengers even before railways. It was a funny old thing, run by steam, and it went twelve miles an hour, and used to go through Epping Forest, near London. Nowadays cars are worked by oil or petrol and go at a great speed. In the old days there was a law called the "Red Flag Act," and a man had to walk in front of all road engines with a red flag, and the speed was not allowed to be over four miles an hour! I think that man with the flag would have to get a move on to keep in front of the cars we use now!

Ships, which used to sail only, were very slow. Now they are sent along by steam, and are very big, quick, and comfortable.

Everything to-day is made for speed and comfort, so that it is quite easy to travel long distances quickly and easily.

I daresay aeroplanes will be used by everybody in the future for long journeys.

For travelling by sea the journey was made shorter by making canals. For instance, instead of going all round South Africa to get to India, a fellow called De Lesseps began the Suez Canal in 1859, and it was finished on 16th November ten years later. The idea of a Suez Canal was first thought out in seven hundred and something (about twelve hundred years ago). This canal is 100 miles long, and the sea both ends is at the same level. But there is another canal called the Panama, which

is only 50 miles long; this was also designed and begun by De Lesseps, who seemed to be keen on canals. He began it in 1881, and a lot of money was lost over it because of waste, and also the place was so unhealthy; however, the Americans took it over and overcame the diseases of the place, and a few years ago it was finished. But it is different from the Suez Canal because the level of the canal is 85 feet higher in the middle on account of a tropical river, so they have three huge locks, worked like the locks you see on ordinary canals, to take the ships up to the top, and three to take them down again. The Panama canal cuts through North and South America, and saves going right round Cape Horn. Look at the map, and you'll see what I mean.

Then another short cut was made for long-distance travelling, and that was the Siberian railway; they began this in 1891, and now we can go by train right across Russia and Siberia to the Far East. By this way you can get to Japan and other jolly places in no time.

It is a great thing to travel. One sees different people with different customs, and so you understand there are other people besides yourself, who are probably just as good and perhaps better. Travelling takes the conceit out of a fellow. Everybody should go about the world as much as possible. You will only be in it once, you know. Even if you only go to France or Belgium (if you live in England), or whatever is the nearest foreign place to where you live, it will do you good.

Perhaps you will say, "What rot! I am only a poor boy: can't get enough for the pictures." Yes, I know; but you'll grow up, and "where

there's a will, there's a way." People can "work their passage"; that is, they can pay their way by work instead of money. Plenty of good fellows do this. I once had a steward on a ship who was an Oxford University man. I thought none the less of him, and we were good friends; he wanted to see the world—and he did. Of course, one jolly good way of seeing the world is to join the Navy, mercantile or Royal; and it is a most healthy life. Who has ever seen a seedy sailor? Personally, I'd sooner be an engine-driver than a clerk stuck to a stool at a desk. It must be an awful lark to make everybody sit up by letting off the shrill whistle of an engine!

If you travel to foreign lands you will be sure to see peculiar sights, to smell strange smells, to taste funny foods, to hear new sounds, and to feel unusual feelings. Don't show too much surprise, or you'll be dubbed a foreigner and everybody will stare at you. I once saw three Chinamen with their heads off. There had been an execution, and in some places in China they leave the corpses in a public place as a warning; so I just had a look and passed on. One of the heads, which was a long way from his body, looked quite happy and seemed to wink at me, as much as to say, "Look out you're not the next to go!" But my head is still screwed on tightly! As to smells, I remember a flower with a sweet, sickly smell, and woe betide you if you sleep near it, for you will not wake up. I have eaten kangaroo-tail soup, and jolly good it is. I also know what snails, shark's fins, and birds' nests taste like. I have heard volcanoes go off pop; a ginger-beer bottle going off is a fool to it. In

Russia they can tell a foreigner at once because he cannot drink hot tea in a glass tumbler without burning his fingers ; well, I just pretended I liked the feeling, even if I couldn't put " inski " at the end of every word ! And so, although they didn't think I was a Russian, they thought I knew their customs.

Well, boys, take every chance to travel you can get or make ; it will do you no end of good.

SINGING FOR CUBS

I SHOULD like Cubs to learn singing together a lot more than many of them do.

If your Pack does not do much in this way, perhaps if you dropped a hint to the Cubmaster something could be arranged.

If you learnt to read music it would be splendid, and a great help later on. It is really quite easy.

Now, if Cubs practised together it would be useful for camps, concerts, and all sorts of things, and think of the pleasure you'd give if you did it really properly.

In Cardiff they have a choir of 500 Cubs, and gave a concert to 3000 people. Welsh boys sing well, but so do most Cubs if they try.

How jolly nice it would have been if Cubs had sung carols last Christmas ; I daresay some did, but not many, I think. As it was, odds and ends of boys and girls came to one's house and sang a line or two of a carol, and then knocked at the door for money. It was really an excuse for begging, and the singing was bad and often

irreverent. I often wished a Pack of Cubs had come and sung carols properly.

In 1843 was born in Spain Adelina Patti, one of the world's finest singers ; she died in 1919, after spending a life giving joy to thousands.

We cannot all hope to sing like her, but for all that we can do a great deal.

The Cub's is a very suitable age for singing, and the singing voice of a boy between eight and twelve is very nice to listen to.

This is worth thinking about, isn't it ?

THE STORY OF A COIN

SHE is getting on in years, having been born in 1853, and as she grows older she changes, like everybody else. She has had a hard life of it, and is rather thin and worn.

There are not many like her nowadays, and her enemies call her an old maid and out of date ; but she takes no notice, for she knows she is worth twelve pennies with any other of her kind, simply because she is a shilling of Queen Victoria's reign.

I don't know if you have ever noticed it, but *she* does, because she says it is so rude ; it is this—each new King or Queen turns the face away from the old one on our coins, so that King Edward faces in a different direction from Queen Victoria, and King George V in a different direction from King Edward.

She wasn't always a shilling. As a matter of fact, she was once part of a very nice specimen of mineral, and was called " stephanite." She was a piece of a twin crystal, and was even in

those days rather touchy, and would fly off into a temper if you hit her.

She was put into a collection with other specimens in a glass case and given to a boy by his father, who was a miner working in Chili. The collection was broken up, and she was sent to the smelters and had a very rough time of it. They mixed her up in a very rude way with a lot of other things, and heated her till she got red in the face, and finally fainted.

When she came to her senses she found herself part of a big lump of silver, and not at all like what she was before. One rough fellow gave her rather a sound smack with a piece of iron and said she was quite a nice "ingot," but she stood it like a brick, and rather liked the metallic sound she gave out.

She then had a most exciting time. She was put on the back of a mule, and after a long journey began to smell the sea air. They put her into a dark place (they called it a "hold") in a funny, wobbly sort of house, so different from her life in the glass case.

The house was really a ship, only how could she know *that?* Well, after a most exciting time she got to England, and found it jolly cold after Chili, which seems funny, doesn't it? Only Chili is rather hot. I can't explain that just now—ask somebody why!

But she soon got hot again, as you will hear, for she was taken to London to the Mint. On the way she had a peep at the Tower, which was quite near. Well, they all spoke English here; while, of course, she had been used to Spanish in Chili. However, she had picked up a good deal of

English from some people in Chili, and found it quite easy to understand.

As I said, she was in for another hot time. They took the ingot in which she lived and placed it in a huge pot, which was then put into a furnace. They added things to the pot as it got hotter and hotter and a scum rose to the top, and after a time they said she looked better (though she was much too hot to feel anything of the kind !), and then they took off the scum.

They poured her out, flattened her into a sheet, and then punched her cruelly, and all she really remembered was that she became a round piece of silver nearly an inch in diameter.

With a few more bangs they gave her a head and a tail and rather a nice sort of collar round her body. More than once since has she been spun into the air, and people would call out "heads," or perhaps "tails," and, though she rather felt it was taking liberties, she was proud to see that she always settled whatever was the matter.

But I must get on with the story. She was beautifully bright and new, and was put in a bag and later on sent to a bank.

I'll tell you what happened to her quite recently. She was part of a tip from a father to his son on going back to his boarding school last term. The boy's name was really "Jimmy," but they called him "Tarzan," because he was always reading books about apes. He was eleven years old. There were eighty boys at the school, and fifty were Cubs or Scouts.

Well, one day a Headquarters Commissioner came and talked to the boys about the Scouts in

the war-stricken area, and the shilling began to bob about in a terrible state of excitement, because she knew Jimmy was a kind-hearted boy, and she rather thought she might have to say good-bye to her master.

There was just one chance. In Jimmy's pocket were several other things, such as string, a knife, a piece of rather old toffee, a cog-wheel of an old clock, and a sixpence, one of the new sort, which Jimmy's form master called " debased currency," but which the shilling often told the sixpence was nothing to be proud of, even if it did sound a grand name.

The shilling's only hope was that Jimmy would give the sixpence. But the story about the Belgian Scouts of Dinant did it. Jimmy's fingers began to feel about in the grubby pocket and touched the sixpence ; they then came to the shilling, which was lovingly attached to the toffee when the collection was taken up.

The thought of what he could buy with her ran through his brain, and then he thought how she would help his brother Scouts and Cubs, and he hesitated no longer. Out she came, and fell with a dull thud into a bag, bound on an errand of mercy, and when Jimmy went to bed that night he divided his dreams between *Tarzan of the Apes* and the Scouts of the once-beautiful town of Dinant, in Belgium.

THE BOAT-RACE

In a boat-race all the rowers have to pull together ; if they don't, the boat will wobble about from side to side, and the wobbling team will certainly lose the race.

The cox is chosen because he is a light-weight, but he isn't light-headed (not a bit of it). His head is screwed on jolly tightly, so that he can take every fair advantage of the race ; he also has to tell the rowers what to do, and urge them on when they get tired.

The cox faces the way the boat is going, but the rowers have their backs to the winning-post. (In some countries this is not the case.) At all events, in England the cox faces the rowers, who rely on him to direct them ; *their* job is to pull their hardest.

The front rower is called " stroke," and the last man at the other end is called " bow." " Stroke " leads the number of strokes per minute, and, of course, he increases them towards the end of the race.

Now, every rower must be fit, or else, if he breaks down, the race is spoiled ; and if he keeps on when he really isn't strong enough he strains his heart, and may be ruined in health for life. Therefore it is usual for a doctor to examine the rowers in a big race before they begin, so as not to spoil the race or injure the men.

It would be rather fun to see how far a " six " is like a boat of rowers. To begin with, the " Sixer " is " cox." You will see how important

it is not to wobble—that is to say, Cubs won't fool about like " bunderlogs."

The " Second " takes the place of " stroke," and gives the time to the " six," always backing up and being backed up by " cox." Then, so as to be fit, we Cubs have our exercises ; and, together with the " coach," the boat is ready for business.

By the way, I forgot to say the " coach " is the man who trains the boat's crew and turns them into such fine athletes and sportsmen. Any Tenderpad can see who is the " coach." It is the Cubmaster.

In the very old days ships didn't go along by steam and very little by sails, but depended on rowers who were called " galley-slaves," and, because they always rowed on the same side of the ship, or " galley," their muscles on one side only were developed. Nothing like that happens now, either in rowing or education.

Cubs are shown how not to be one-sided ; that is one of the chief ideas of Cubbing. Cubs are turned out all-round fellows in character and body.

We don't want Cubs with tremendous biceps (these are muscles in the arm) and weak bodies ; neither do we want Cubs who are so keen on winning a game that they cannot cheer when the other side wins ; nor do we like boys who cannot see any good in other boys whom they may happen to dislike.

You may take it from me, there is some good in everybody, so get out your microscope and have a look for it next time you meet that fellow you don't like.

THE VICTORIA CROSS

In 1856 the Victoria Cross medal was first instituted. This, as every Cub knows, is given for personal bravery in warfare to men of the Army and Navy, and anyone from a Field-Marshal down to a private can win it. There is a pension of £10 a year to the winner, if he is a non-commissioned officer or a private; and if he gets a bar (which is the same as winning the Victoria Cross over again) he gets an additional £5 a year. If he is unable to earn a living, he can get £50 a year. Before the Great War there were only 522 who received the Victoria Cross, and of these only about 170 were living; in 1921 there were about 500 living who have won the Cross. Of course, this is due to the big war with Germany. The Cross is made of bronze from the guns captured in the Crimean War, and its actual value cannot be more than twopence, yet we all know the tremendous value the soldier or sailor places on his little bronze Cross. The reason of this is because of the meaning of the medal, which means he has done something very brave, and that his King and Country wish to recognise his bravery by giving him something he can wear which tells the world he is a brave man. It is a curious thing that such men very seldom are conceited about what they have done, and they take an awful lot of pumping before they will tell you anything about it, and they nearly always say that there were plenty of other men who equally deserved the honour. In this they are quite right. If everyone in the late war who deserved the

Victoria Cross got it, there would be a great many more than five hundred. To a great extent it is a matter of luck as to whether one's actions are made public, and I always think when I present medals to Cubs for bravery, that what they should be pleased about is the chance which was given to them of winning the medal, while many another Cub would have done the same if only he had had the chance. By the number of volunteers for dangerous jobs, it is quite certain that any amount of bravery exists. From the number of brave deeds done, particularly in the late war, it is certain that many have not had the luck to be recognised, and so the medal at best does not amount to much; what really counts is the private feeling the person has of knowing that he did his duty, and DID HIS BEST, when the opportunity came.

ON GOING UP

YES! I know there are several ways of going up. You can go up in a lift to the top floor, or in a balloon ever so much higher, or if you sit on the top of some gunpowder with a lighted fuse attached you'll go even higher, but probably in small pieces.

I don't mean these sorts of "going up," though. I mean going up to the Scouts. You knew it was coming, and you were getting ready for it. Well, it has come, or will come sooner or later. Are you ready for it? Are you going to be a better Scout for having been a Cub? And how are you going to show it?

You will first of all let the Scouts see that you are prepared to begin again at the bottom and work up to Patrol Leader and King's Scout. You won't put on airs and swank, just because you were Senior Sixer or rather a smart Cub. If you *do*, you will, of course, be very silly and make the Scouts dislike you, and *that's* no good to anybody. So you won't give in to yourself, but will lead a good example, and take your right place and work up.

And never forget your little brother Cubs. Visit them, and when they in turn go up welcome them " extra special," and show them the right way.

Remember your old Cubmaster and visit him, and tell him how you are getting on. He is frightfully keen to know, and is probably much more fond of you than you think, and misses you horribly, so cheer him up with an occasional visit. It will buck him up no end. Perhaps he may ask you to become a Cub Instructor, and you ought to make a good one because you know what Cubs want.

And so you and the Cubs will be all the stronger and better because you went up to the Scouts.

It is wonderful what a Cub can do if he tries when he " goes up."

CUB CORRESPONDENTS

I WANT to get Cubs to write letters to other Cubs in distant places. It is quite a good idea, because by this means they can find out what is going on in different parts of the world. If a Cub is keen

on stamps or picture postcards or something, he can arrange to exchange with his new friend.

I think Cubs can be fixed up with others in this way if they like to write to the Secretary of the Boy Scouts' Association, 25 Buckingham Palace Road, London, S.W.1, and enclose the letter for their new friend ; they will then be told to whom the letter was sent.

Sometimes Packs have a " show," and want to give the proceeds to something. There are always plenty of poor Packs who would be very grateful for help from you. It is much more fun, too, if the money is sent without their knowing who is the fairy godmother ! Children's hospitals are also always in want of help. A little money will enable a poor Pack to go to camp which would otherwise have to stay in a grimy town. Oh ! there are heaps of chances of helping.

A LONELY CHRISTMAS

" At Christmas play, and make good cheer,
For Christmas comes but once a year."

THIS was written by an Essex poet named Tusser in the sixteenth century. The little rhyme is generally given another way, but this is really the right one.

I hope all Cubland will " make good cheer " and have a good time, and help to give others a good time, which is the nicest way of all to spend Christmas.

I wonder if you'll have a Christmas-tree. Do you know the little spruce fir trees used for

Christmas-trees are mostly grown at Farnham, Surrey, and it is quite a business in itself growing them? They are from six to twelve years old, and it pricks one like anything when they are being uprooted.

I always feel sorry for "grown-ups" who have no children around them at Christmas time. I remember once spending an awfully lonely Christmas in Madrid, Spain. Everyone had their own family party, and I was out of it, so I vowed I would in future be on the look-out for lonely people at Christmas time and see if I could cheer them up.

That is rather a good tip for Cubs; perhaps they might find a chap who would be bucked up a lot if a Cub took him in hand for that day.

Well, this is meant to be read at Christmas time, so take the hint, and I will close by wishing you and your friends a jolly Christmas!

A HAPPY NEW YEAR!

THE New Year is something like a new exercise book, all nice and clean, and no mistakes so far. But we know that some exercise books look rather dreadful when they are filled up. There are blots, mistakes in spelling, crooked writing (in spite of the ruled lines), and other horrors.

So it is in life. You will be sure to do things you shouldn't do, and not to do things you should; but try to keep to the straight lines that guide you.

If you were a Scout I would say the Scout Law is the straight line, but to a Cub I would say:

" Keep your Cub Promise and the Law of the Wolf Cub Pack."

Don't start the New Year by making a whole lot of resolutions, but just get your Cub book (the cheap edition), and read from the bottom of page seven to the middle of page ten.

If later on you make a muck of it, just do extra well next time, and so wipe away your mistakes. Cubs do their best. Cubs don't give in to themselves.

Cubs will therefore try to make the New Year a " Happy New Year " for everyone, and if they do their best, and even then seem to fail—well, they won't give in, but will " try again " and succeed in the end. That is the spirit that is going to help on this old world of ours, and the Cubs are the boys who have that spirit.

And there is just one more thing I would like to say. You have promised to be loyal to God, and if you are you may be dead certain He will help you to be all a real Cub should be ; if you believe this it will cheer you up, and it is absolutely true.

And so, Cubs, I wish you a really happy New Year, and let's see it *is* one.

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